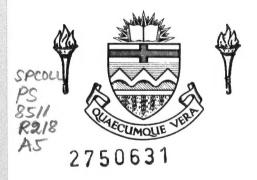
Verses

By

Violet Ursula Fraser

Winnipeg

Ex ubris universitatis altertaeasis



Verses

M

Violet Ursula Fraser

Winnipeg

CRADLE SONG

(in Northern Messenger, Sept. 1918)

The robins still rock in their cradle High up in the apple tree, So hush you, my Baby, And slumber While I rock this cradle for thee

The butterflies flutter around you, Fanning you with their soft wings, And the breeze is at play Where the green branches sway, And the little nest cradle swings

The drowsy bee hums in the clover, Gathering honey for you, And the tall lilies sway Near the tea roses gay, And the fair forget-me-nots blue

A sunbeam's at play round your cradle, It dances there in the light, If you were awake, You would catch it, You want all things pretty and bright.

THE PINE TREE

Only a pine tree dark
Against a summer sky,
Music of passing winds
Plays in its branches high.

Only a pine tree dark

Against the flaming West,
Twitter of drowsy birds

Rock'd in their little nest.

Only a pine tree dark

Against the midnight gloom,
Calm and serene it stands

Beneath the silver moon.

Okanagan, B.C., Sept. 1924.

THE CHALLENGE

(Written for the Prohibition Campaign, Winnipeg, 1923.)

Hark, a challenge! Parents, listen!
It is sounded forth today
For the welfare of your children,
Do not thoughtless turn away

When for Right, and Truth, and Justice.

War was waged across the sea,

It was for the home and children

Of our Country, brave and free

We cannot forget the heroes
Who so gladly gave their all,
As they came from lands far distant
At their Country's urgent call

Some lie 'neath the glowing poppies, Far in Flanders fields today, That the white, the blue, and crimson Of our flag might wave for aye

Wave o'er homes where little children
Would be safe from fear and harm,
Where, 'neath Liberty and Justice,
All would be secure and calm.

Yet a mighty foe is standing,
On the threshold of our land,
That needs all our strength to conquer
And our courage to withstand

He has once more thrown his challenge, In the name of "Liberty," Though his slaves are without number In all lands where liquor's free.

As you pause, still undecided,
What your vote today should be,
Will you not once more remember
Flanders fields across the sea

Won't you breathe a prayer for guidance.
Then, that all the world might know,
You're for God, and Home, and Country,
Go and mark your Ballot "NO"!

-(In "The North-Ender," Winnipeg, May 1923.)

PRESIDENT HARDING

A Tribute

As deep-toned bells their sorrow toll
A Nation's heart is bowed in grief,
And silently the moments roll
In tribute to a mighty chief.

The ship of State sails on its way
But on the helm new hands are laid,
No longer will he guide its course
Who faced the storm-clouds unafraid.

For as the shadows turned to night
From that far shore he heard a call,
And passed beyond the harbour lights
Into the last great port of all.

California, 1923.

GALILEE

Matt. 4: 21, 22; Mark 1: 17, 18

Boats upon a silver sea,
Fishermen of Galilee,
Mending nets upon the shore
As they did in days of yore,
Where His feet once trod the waves,
Friend of Fishers, Christ who Saves.

And His call rings through the years When the dawn's first glow appears, While the quiet waters hold Roseate tints among the gold; "Follow Me," it seems to say, Rise and follow come away.

As of old their hearts were stirred When the Saviour's voice they heard, As they rose and leaving all Answered gladly to His call; So today men hear it still, Rise to do the Master's will.

1926

UNDER APRIL SKIES

Northward birds are winging Through the shining hours, While the Spring wind's singing Wakes the drowsy flowers

April's flute-notes call them. Silently they creep, Leaf and bud and blossom From their winter sleep

Skies bend softly o'er them,
Winds caressing pass,
Like a fairy carpet
Spreads the meadow grass.

From the leafy woodland
Sounds the blue-bird's call
April's magic lingers
Spell-like over all.

Showers and sunbeams woven
Where the rainbows play,
Over dewy flowers
Harbingers of May

Manitoba, 1926.

Winnipeg the Beautiful

Queen of the Western Prairies, Whose snowy mantle holds The icebound river sleeping Within its crystal folds.

A magic spell is woven O'er all her charm and grace; The trees enchanted standing in robes of frosted lace,

Through veils of mist in splendor Her jewelled sceptre gleams, While on her brow the Northern Star Her diadem still beams,

Queen of the Western Prairies, Who holds her court today, The Frost King and his Courtiers Their homage to her pay,

-VIOLET FRASER.

